

The Central Record.

VOLUME VIII.

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NUMBER 50

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY LOUIS LANDRAM,
Cor. Public Square and Danville Avenue.

LANCASTER, KY., FRIDAY, MARCH, 18, 1898.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
\$1.00 per Year in Advance.

New Departure.

We now have the celebrated

Florence Farm Wagon

Which is made with springs. They are made to hold up about 1,000 pounds more than the old style wagon. It adds to the life of wheels, bed and gear. Call and see it.

J. R. Haselden.

HARDWARE AND IM-
PLEMENT HOUSE.

Lancaster, Ky.

Col. W. G. Welch,
Stanford.

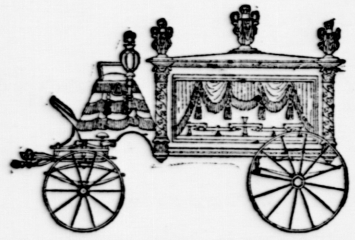
W. I. Williams,
Lancaster.

WELCH & WILLIAMS,

Attorneys at Law,

LANCASTER, KY.

All business attended
to promptly.



BEAZLEY & BAUGHMAN.

UNDERTAKERS

and dealer in

Furniture, Carpets, &c.

Lancaster, Ky.

IN AND ABOUT LANCASTER.

Veal calves wanted. Butler Fox.

Fresh garden seed at S. T. Evans.

New line Calicoes at S. T. Evans

See 'em.

J. A. B. Bazley & Co., headquarters for

wall paper.

The best two horse wagon on the

market at G. S. Gaines.

I will sell you package coffee at 10c.

Sugar at cost, for cash. T. Curry.

Wanted, Veal Calves. Will go to

country and buy. H. B. Northcott.

R. F. Walter, Dentist, will be at

Buena Vista Wednesday, March 16th.

Wanted, car load of Iron, Bones and

Rags. H. B. Northcott.

My fine Jersey Bull, Garrard Signal,

out of a tested dam, will stand at my

farm at \$2. the season. Money due at

time of service. J. S. Robinson.

The revenue collector's office is be-

ing moved from Richmond to Danville

and will be ready for business Mon-

day morning.

Pretty Store.

J. E. Stormes is having his drug

store repainted and given a thorough

cleaning. It will be a beauty when the

job is completed.

To the Country Patriots.

All country boys, between the ages

of 18 and 25, will report to me for ser-

vise against Spain, in case of war. I

want only patriotic country boys. No

town dukes or mama's darlings desir-

ed. J. P. Doty, Captain.

Farmers.

White French Artichoke will pre-

vent hog cholera. Seed for sale at

one dollar per bushel by G. Craddock,

Markesbury, Ky. \$11-2t.

Mrs. Annie Walter, assisted by Mrs.

M. C. Walter will dressmake at the

home of the latter. Children's work

carefully attended too. Call on us

once and you will call again. 2t.

For Sale or Rent.

I will either sell or rent my resi-

dence. It is in good repair and in a

good neighborhood. For particulars

call on either W. H. Kinnaird or my-

self. Mary K. Weisger.

Northern seed Irish potatoes at \$1

per bushel at Gaines.

All varieties of Landreth garden

seed, in bulk, at Gaines.

The greatest Disc Harrow on the

market, at G. S. Gaines.

Wanted, 1,000 hens. Will pay 5c per

pound this week. R. Fox.

Beginning with Feb. 10th our terms

will be cash. J. C. Thompson.

I would like to do your plain sew-

ing and dyeing. Mrs. Ophelia Dunn.

Wanted, geese, ducks and eggs.

Highest market price. H. B. North-

cott.

J. C. Thompson has just received

two cases of new clocks which we are

selling very cheap.

Murdered at Marcellus.

The expense account of farmers, by

grinding plow points at C. K. Poindex-

ter's. nov-25-4t.

S. T. Evans will have the largest

line of buggies and phaetons ever

brought to Lancaster. Save your or-

ders for him.

Tickets.

All my customers, of last season, can

come in on Tuesday and get tickets for

the pants to be given away.

M. D. Hughes, Agent.

Goose and Duck Eggs out of Sight.

Until April 1st, 1898 I want all your

goose and duck eggs, will pay 35c for

goose eggs and 15c for duck eggs.

Bring them in and get the cash. Of-

fice on Public Square, in Archer's meat

shop. BUTLER FOX.

Children and adults tortured by

burns, scalds, injuries, eczema or skin

diseases may secure instant relief by

using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It

is the great Pile remedy. Stormes'

Drug Store. 1m

New Spring Goods.

One of the prettiest lines of Ladies'

Misses' and Children's shoes ever

brought to Paint Lick. Also a new

stock of D. y Goods. Costs you nothing

to come and see them. Bring your

produce and come ahead.

R. L. JENNINGS & Co.,

Paint Lick, Ky.

Circuit Court.

The March term of the Garrard cir-
cuit court convened Monday morning,
with Judge M. C. Sanfley on the bench.
The following gentlemen were select-

ed as
GRAND JURORS.
H. C. Arnold, Alex. Layton,
J. B. Kemper, A. B. Brown, Sen.,
John Davis, Joe Francis, Sen.,
Wright Kelley, Curtis Pearce,
Wm. Broadbuss, J. T. Adams.

They were given a lengthy and
timely charge by Judge Sanfley, who
pointed out their duties in his usual
clear and concise way. The following
were then chosen to make up the

PETIT JURY.

J. B. Aldridge, C. W. Mitchell,
Samp Arctur, D. M. Lackey,
J. W. Vanderpool, Zack Simpson,
J. H. Bourne, Ab. Hughes,
G. B. Robinson, G. T. Higginbotham,
Cyrus Saunders, W. G. Anderson,
James Clark, Ed. Price,
James Jones, W. B. Lee,
James Guinn, Hiram Ray,
S. D. Rothwell, John Marace,
Perry Naylor, Wm. Totten,
Ansel George, P. W. Spencer.

As stated last issue, the dockets are
light and nothing of much importance
will be tried.

NOTES.

Frank Wiley, horse stealing, two

years.

The usual loafers hang about the

court room.

Jim Floyd, unlawfully detaining a

woman, dismissed.

George Kennedy, carrying conceal-

ed weapons, not guilty.

Sam Owsley is on hand, looking af-

ter the Commonwealth's business.

Commonwealth vs. George Mukes,

striking Mark Jennings, dismissed.

Sheriff Sumner has as his deputies,

Wm. Ward Wm. Broadbuss and Alex.

Walker.

Tom Wren, colored, carrying con-

cealed weapons, default judgment of

\$25, and ten days.

Charley White, a negro, plead gui-

ty to stealing a hog and was given two

years in the penitentiary.

Wm. Buckner for obtaining money

under false pretenses two years, also

for grand larceny one year.

A little boy named Aaron Simpson,

probably about 14 years of age, plead

guilty of petit larceny and was sent to

jail for thirty days.

Jim Hamilton applied for license to

practice law, was duly examined and

given his sheepskin. He will, no

doubt, make a good 'un.

Joe R. Haselden was examined and

granted license to practice law. At-

torneys in Lancaster are almost as

thick as violinists in perdition.

It does not look "natural" in the

court room without Keg Mason as

clerk. Keg has been clerk since the

memory of man runneth not to the

contrary.

Deputy Sheriff Wm. Ward orene-

l court by crying, "Oh, Yes! Oh, Yes!

The circuit court for the 13th Judicial

district of the Commonwealth of Ken-

tucky and county of Garrard, is now

open for business. God save the Com-

monwealth and this honorable court."

The Grand Jury returned an indict-

ment Wednesday against Whitaker,

for murder, and his trial is set for

Wednesday of next week. Whitaker

is the man who cut his step-father,

John Grady, to death near the Rock-

castle line about two weeks ago.

Mike Turner was summoned as a

witness in a case Wednesday and fail-

ing to appear an order of arrest was

issued. He was under the influence of

liquor when brought into the court-

room and Judge Sanfley imposed a

fine of \$30 and twenty-four hours in

jail. The judge will tolerate no fool-

ishness.

Shooting.

Friday night John Kersey shot an-

other negro named Henry Beazley at

the former's home in Duncantown.

Kersey was drunk and Beazley, to-

gether with several other neighbors,

were trying to get him into the house.

Kersey, in his frenzy, went in the

house and brought out an old army

musket. His friends, Beazley among

the number, continued pleading with

Kersey to go in the house and quit

raising a disturbance. Without a word

of warning Kersey turned and fired at

Beazley. Judging from the enormous

hole torn in his breast, the gun must

have been loaded with slugs. The

charge entered Beazley's right breast,

cutting a finger of the right hand

which was thrown up as the gun was

leveled, and passed into his lung. A

Beazley is still alive but physicians say

there is no chance of recovery.

Kersey fled, but gave himself up

Saturday morning, when he was lodg-

ed in jail without bail. The men had

always been friends, and Beazley was

only doing what he thought to be his

duty in taking care of a drunken

neighbor. Kersey is a peaceable na-

tive when sober, but a terror when

drinking. There was not a harder

working, or more honest darkey in

town than Henry Beazley, and he was

never in any trouble. He went along

in a peaceable, quiet way, and attend-

ed faithfully to any work given him.

Duncantown is on the opposite side

of town from Battle Row and is an en-

tirely different settlement. The col-

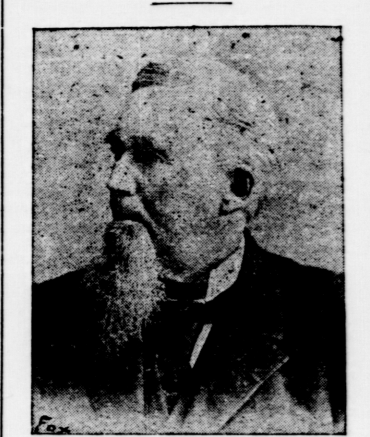
ored people living there are honest

and upright, and a disturbance of any

kind seldom occurs there.

DR. W. S. O'NEAL

Dies at His Home in This City after a
Brief Illness.



After about one week's illness and
intense suffering, Dr. W. S. O'Neal
died at his residence, on Lexington
street, Tuesday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock.
He had been subject to attacks of
asthma all his life, and at times the
suffering was great, but the last spell
was decidedly the most severe he ever
had. He was on the streets Friday
evening attending to some important
business and became overheated. He
went home and suffered greatly thro'
the night. Saturday he was able to
go to his office, some fifty yards from
the house, but that night was taken
much worse and the disease went into
bronchial pneumonia. Those who
attended him say they never witness-
ed such agony as he suffered. He grew
rapidly worse and was delicious at
times until the end came.

Dr. O'Neal was born at Verona,
Boone county, Ky., sixty-two years
ago. He graduated from the Ohio
Medical College in 1861. In 1885
he located in Lancaster where he has
since practiced his profession success-
fully. He was an unusually attentive
physician to his patients and never
gave up a case while there was the
least ray of hope of saving life. He
was one of the most sympathetic and
kind-hearted men it has ever been our
pleasure to know and we can say,
from personal experience, that he put
his whole soul into his work when
waiting on the sick. Several years
ago he remained with the writer of
this article one entire night while we
were down with typhoid fever, and al-
though unable to find a pulse on our
body for eight hours, he never gave
up, and worked with untiring energy
until he succeeded in bringing us
out. We merely mention this fact
as a specimen of his zeal and pluck
as a physician.

He was a Baptist and a leading fig-
ure in the management of the local
church. He gave close attention to
his own affairs, and it can be said of
Dr. O'Neal that he never dabbled in
other people's business. He was a
Mason, but not affiliated with the lo-
cal lodge.

He leaves a widow and one daugh-
ter, Mrs. F. L. Hubble. He has four
brothers and one sister. They are
Mrs. Dr. D. M. Bagby, Walton, Ky.,
Col. Weeden O'Neal, Covington,
Ky., George, New Richmond, O., Benjamin
and John, Verona, Ky.

Funeral services were held at the
Baptist church Wednesday afternoon,
conducted by the pastor, Rev. T. H.
Campbell, assisted by Elder George
Gowen, after which the remains were
interred in the Lancaster Cemetery.

Southern Baptist Convention Nor-
folk, Va., May 5-12, 1898 Tickets on
sale via the QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE
at the rate of one fare for round trip
from all points on its line to Norfolk
Va., on account of the Southern Bas-
tist Convention which meets at that
point May 5-12, 1898. Dates of sales,
May 2nd to 6th, good to return 16 days
after date of sale. The most attractive
route to Norfolk is via the Queen
& Crescent Route.

Tickets for the Launching.

On account of the Launching of the
Battle-ship Kentucky at Newport
News, Va. Thursday March 24th at
ten o'clock a. m., the Chesapeake and
Ohio Ry. will sell round trip tickets
from Lexington, Winchester and Mt.
Sterling (and correspondingly low
rates from all Central Kentucky
towns) at \$12.00 for both train and
Tuesday March 22nd. Tickets will be
good seven days from date of sale.

Trains leave Lexington at 11:25 a. m.
and 8:50 p. m. and arrive Newport
News 11:30 a. m. and 5:50 p. m. next
day. Berth rate \$3.50 through for
double berth. Send in your names to
undersigned at once for sleeping car
space. Special rates at the hotels.

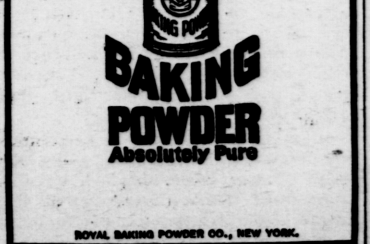
GEO. W. HARNET, D. P. A.

C. & O. Ry., Lexington, Ky.

The Royal is the highest grade baking powder

known. Actual tests show it goes one

third further than any other brand.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

A GREAT

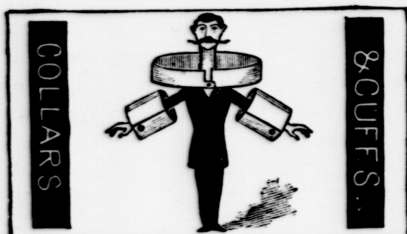
BARGAIN FEAST

Having purchased of W. T. West his stock of
Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing, Hats, Furnishing
Goods

NEAR AT HAND IS The Strife of two Great Nations!

We are on the Verge of War which will soon take Place. We, like Uncle Sam, make Competitors back down.

WE HAVE THE
FINEST LINE OF MEN'S CLOTHING EVER SHOWN IN THE STATE.



Don't fail to See our
Children's Fine Suits.
Our Ammunition is
PRICES.



Our \$10. Spring Suits are
Beyond Comparison.
See our line and Save Money.
Finest line of Shoes in the State.



Stacy Adams
and Company's **FINE SHOES.**

We have most
Complete line of **SHIRTS.**

See our Beau-
tiful display of **HATS**

SUITS MADE TO ORDER And Kept in Shape One
Year Free of Charge.

Fedora Hats worth \$2, now 98c. Good socks, 5c, worth 10c. Don't buy goods in our line till you see our prices.

Best Results for Least Money. **ALL GOODS GUARANTEED.**

THE GLOBE, J. L. FROHMAN & CO. DANVILLE, KY.

NEW SPRING GOODS.

I have in stock now

New Sailors, Chiffons, Etc.

Miss Graham is now in the City at the whole-
sale houses picking out the nice things for
summer. I will join her in a few days, and we will
buy as nice a stock as can be selected in the markets.

MRS. MOODY HARDEN.

CENTRAL RECORD.

FRIDAY, March, 18, 1898.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Jake Joseph is still in the cities
buying goods.

J. M. Lygan is in the cities buying
his spring goods.

Mrs. Jao E. Stormes was in Lexing-
ton this week shopping.

Mrs. John Lackey, of McCreary, is
very ill with pneumonia.

Edward Walker has been to Stan-
ford on a few days' visit.

Miss Frances Collier has returned
from a visit to relatives in Danville.

Miss Helen Thurmond was a visitor
at the Mason Hotel Saturday.

Miss Lillian Sutton is the guest of
Miss Sallie B. Ray, at Buckeye.

Miss Bettie Anderson entertained a
few friends Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Burnside have re-
turned from a visit to Stanford.

Ernest G. Brown is now the popular
clerk of J. M. Logan's Dry Goods store.

Mrs. G. S. Gaines and Miss Annie
Royston are on the sick list this week.

Miss Carrie Currey has been visiting
her sister, Mrs. Fisher Gaines, at Dan-
ville.

Judge Hemphill and John Farra
were in Nicholasville on business this
week.

Mrs. Robert Kinnaird and Miss Nell
Marra were visitors in Danville this
week.

Col. Goose-egg Owsley, of McBrayer,
visited his mother, Mrs. E. L. Owsley
Sunday.

Mr. Byron B. Myers, of Wilmore, vis-
ited friends in our city Saturday and
Sunday.

Messrs. H. A. B. Marksbury and A.
H. Rice were in Lexington this week
on business.

Miss Mamie Carden, of Louisville,

has been visiting her friends, Miss
Laura Powell.

Mrs. W. J. Landram has recovered
very much and is now able to sit up.

The condition of Mrs. Capt. William
Herndon is thought to be improved
this week.

J. M. Logan is in the market buying
a spring line of goods for The Logan
Dry Goods Co.

Mr. Edward Short received the high-
est mark at Miss Amanda Anderson's
school in Lowell.

Mrs. Wm. McClelland Johnson and
children have returned from a visit to
Jessamine county.

Misses Sallie Tillett and Laura Smith
leave next week for the city to a re-
charge spring millinery.

Mrs. Altie Marksbury handsomely
entertained a party of friends at her
home, on Danville Ave.

Mrs. R. C. Warren and charming
daughter, Miss Jane, of Stanford, were
Miss Jennie Duncan's guests last week.

Judson's popular merchant, Mr.
Henry Barlow, has returned from the
cities with a nice selection of pretty,
new goods.

Drs. Carpenter and Brown, of Stan-
ford, were here this week in consul-
tation with the physicians waiting upon
Dr. O'Neal.

Senator George T. Farris returned
from Frankfort yesterday. He will
take the road in a few days for a Lou-
isville shoe house.

Miss Nannie Eason, of Danville, is
here with her mother, Mrs. Walter
Eason, who has been quite sick, but is
somewhat improved.

Miss Anne Royston is out of school
this week sick from vaccination and
lagripes. Miss Mabel, her sister, has
been her substitute with the pupils.

Col. Weeden O'Neal, of Covington,
attended the funeral of his brother,
Dr. W. S. O'Neal. Col. O'Neal is a
prominent and influential republican,
and is widely known over the state.

Mrs. O. H. Irvine, Samuel Harris,
of Louisville, and William Harris, of
Carlisle, attended the funeral of their
uncle, Mr. Sam Harris, Saturday.
They returned to their respective
homes Sunday.

STONE.

Freeman Lane is dangerously ill at
this writing.

Some oats have been sown in this
section.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Winkle are re-
joicing over the arrival of a fine 8-lb.
boy.

Gabe Preston sold a sow and five
pigs to J. J. Moberley for \$6.

Lomon Tester bought three nice
heifers from A. D. Ford, at \$29 a head.

Gale Preston sold a bunch of shoats
to Alex Miles, of Jessamine, delivered
last Monday at \$1.10 per lb.

Samuel Murphy sold Mr. Miles a
bunch of hogs at \$1.10.

Some hemp seed are changing hands
at \$1.50 per bushel.

We are requested to announce that
Eld. Neal, of Winchester, will preach
at Scott's Fork next Sunday, the 20th.
As many as possible are requested to
be present.

A number of our former friends re-
turned from the mountains last week,
where they had been on a trading ex-
pedition. They report a good many
cattle there but the prices are high
and the cattle men are not much dis-
posed to sell.

There are three little things which
do more work than any other three
little things created—they are the ant,
the bee and DeWitt's Little Early
Risers, the last being the famous Little
pills for stomach and liver troubles.
Stormes' Drug Store. 1m

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Death of Capt. Sam Harris.

The many friends and acquaintances
of Capt. Sam B. Harris were great-
ly shocked Friday morning when a
telegram from Louisville announced
his death. On the evening previous,
his brother, Mr. E. W. Harris, was
summoned to Louisville by the rather
sudden illness, but before he arrived
there Capt. Harris had breathed his
last. He had been sick only since
Tuesday, when he was compelled to
call a physician to his residence at
Fifth street Court place. The follow-
ing morning he was removed to the
Norton Infirmary, his condition hav-
ing grown more serious. The remains
were brought here Friday and the fol-
lowing morning were laid to rest in
the Lancaster Cemetery. He was a
member of the Christian church, and
Elder Gowen conducted a brief service
at the grave.

Captain Harris was one of three
sons of Elemeul Harris. The father,
mother and other brother, Cash, died
many years ago. The family always
resided in Lancaster, except Captain
Sam, who lived in Louisville since the
sixties. He was born in Lancaster
fifty-nine years ago. He was the first
mail agent at Louisville under Lin-
coln's first administration, being ap-
pointed in 1861. During his first con-
nection with the postal service he used
to run out on every train from Louis-
ville. In 1869 or 1870 he went into
the Louisville postoffice as superin-
tendent of mails. He remained in of-
fice until 1887, when under Cleveland's
first administration he was removed.
Upon Harrison's inauguration Post-
master Thompson took him back as
superintendent of the registry division,
and he was again removed when
Mr. Charles P. Weaver became post-
master. By good management he suc-
ceeded in laying by a comfortable
share of this world's goods. A more
liberal hearted or true friend we never
knew than was Capt. Harris. He
was always ready to help those in dis-
tress and may well be called "a man
with his heart in his hand."

The remains were accompanied to
Lancaster by postmaster T. H. Baker,
ex-Chief Clerk of the Railway Mail
Service, J. B. Jenks, Assistant Chief
Clerk W. E. Greenaway and Post-office
Clerks W. M. L. Ramsey and Frank
Morton. The employees of the Louis-
ville post-office also sent a large and
beautiful floral design, as a slight to-
ken of their high regard for the de-
ceased.

At a called meeting of the National
Association of Post Office clerks,
Branch 89, held March 11th, it was
unanimously—

Resolved, That, whereas, by the rul-
ings of an Allwise Providence, our
former companion and co-laborer,
Samuel B. Harris, has been stricken
from the roll of human existence and
called to enter upon his eternal life, it
is the wish and prayer of all of us that
God will deal mercifully with his soul.

We, who were fortunate enough to
know him intimately, can bear proof

of his sincere friendship for us and
his fidelity to all his business respon-
sibilities.

Resolved, further, That in his pre-
mature death, we have lost an able
counselor and true friend.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolu-
tions be spread upon the minutes of
our Association, a copy be sent to his
family, and a copy to be sent to each
of the city papers and CENTRAL REC-
ORD, Lancaster, with a request to pub-
lish. O. H. Beckmann, Chm., Wm.
Bard, W. P. Ramsey, Committee on
Resolutions.

What pleasure is there in life with a
headache, constipation and bilious-
ness? Thousands experience them
who could become perfectly healthy
by using DeWitt's Little Early Risers,
the famous little pills. Stormes' Drug
Store. 1m

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FARM AND STOCK NOTES.

5,000 bushels corn wanted.—I will give one dollar and sixty cents per barrel for 1,000 barrels of corn delivered at the Pilgrimage Distillery during the months of March and April.

J. W. MILLER, Mgr.

T. S. Elkin bought some butcher staff at 3c.

S. Morgan sold a bunch of yearlings at Stanford, at \$20 per head.

Sam Anderson sold to Powell, of Lincoln, 4 1/2 lb. cattle at 4c.

B. F. Robinson bought of G. A. Siler and others some butcher staff at from 2 1/2 to 3c.

M. W. Anderson bought at Stanford court Monday a nice bunch of yearlings at \$22 50 per head.

W. B. Burton bought at Stanford court Monday some yearling cattle, heifers and steers at from \$12 to \$18.

A. J. Thompson bought a nice bunch of long yearlings from Roberts at Stanford court at \$22 per head. James Warner also bought of same party some yearling cattle at a fair price.

LINCOLN NOTES.—The cotton crop thus far marketed exceeds by 233,000 bales the banner year of 1895, when the movement was 9,901,000 bales.

D. W. Vandever sold to J. H. Baughman & Co., his crop of wheat at 92 1/2c. R. H. Dilton sold at Richmond Monday, 40 steers and heifers at 5c for the former and 3 1/2c for the latter.

R. L. Hubble sold to an Indiana party four jackies for \$900. F. P. Bishop bought in the West End a bunch of shoats at 2 1/2 to 3c. James Daddar bought of W. A. Hall a family horse for \$100.

C. W. Anderson has for sale two nice yearling bulls, one Durham and one Pole Angus.

KENTUCKY CROP REPORT.

Condition of Crops and Live Stock March 1, 1898.

This report is made up from replies received from 162 correspondents representing 103 counties. It has been deemed best to subdivide the State into three grand divisions in order that the average may be made to apply to some crops that are peculiar to each section. The western section embraces 39 counties, and is west of a line drawn from Hardin county on the north to Allen county on the south. The central, or more properly the north central, embraces 40 counties lying east of the above named line, and north-east of an irregular line drawn from Hart county to the county of Greenup in the northeast corner of the State. The southern section embraces the remaining 24 counties lying southeast of the last mentioned line. The western counties, almost without exception, grow the darker, heavy type of tobacco, while in the north central section the production is confined to the burley types. Both the western and north central sections produce a large surplus of agricultural products. In the southern section the grain produced is consumed at home, it being a rare occurrence to ship beyond the confines of the counties. This section, however, produces largely of stock, cattle, sheep and hogs. These subdivisions will be adhered to in the future without calling further attention to the fact.

WHEAT.

In the western section the condition of the wheat crop compared with average year is 93. On March 1, 1896, the condition of wheat including the whole State was 74, and for March 1, 1897, the condition was 88. On December 1, 1897, the date of the last report from this Bureau, the condition for the State was 103, showing a falling off for the western section, as compared with the State, of 10 points during the winter. Forty-two correspondents from the western section reply to the question "has wheat suffered from any cause during the winter," and of this fifteen reply "yes" and twenty-seven "no." Hessian fly and freezing and thawing without snow protection are the causes mostly assigned. Hessian fly, while frequently reported, does not seem to be doing serious damage, 92 per cent. in Barren county being the lowest average reported due from this cause, while freezing and thawing has reduced the condition to 69 per cent. in McCracken county. The per cent. of old crop still in farmer's hands in this section is 19, and the average price of wheat is 91 cents. On March 1, 1897, the per cent. reported still in farmer's hands, the State included, was 9, and the price 84 cents. In the north central section the condition average 93. Twelve correspondents report damage to wheat during winter and 32 report no damage. No fly damage is reported in this section. Here the per cent. of 1897 crop still in the farmer's hands is 14, and the average price is 91 cents. The per cent. of condition ranges from 60 in Garrard county to 120 in the county of Henry. In the southeast section so little wheat is grown that the production in the State is not effected, and for this reason no estimate is given.

HOG CHOLERA.

There seems to be an annual abatement of hog cholera in all sections. Only 39 correspondents out of 112 report cholera.

A REMEDY.

Agentleman from Western Kentucky gives the following remedy for hog cholera by the use of which he claims to be able to ward off and arrest the disease: Black antimony, powdered one pint. Pulverized sulphur one pint. Siltwater (pulverized) one pint. Mix the above ingredients well with bran in milk-warm water, and feed it to the hogs in the morning early, and a like quantity at night. This is for 50 hogs, and the medicine can be increased or decreased according to the number of hogs to be fed. As a preventative it should be given once or twice a month. If given to cure it should be given once or twice a day for a week or ten days.

LUCAS MOORE, Commissioner.

KILLING OF STEPHEN.

One of the Sublimest Deaths of All History.

Like the Martyr Stained By the Roman Mob, All of Us May See the Glories of Heaven if We But Embrace His Faith.—Talmage's Sermon.

The discourse of Dr. Talmage which we send out is a vivid story of martyrdom, and a rapturous view of the world to come. Text, Acts vii, 55-60: "Behold, I see the heavens opened," etc.

Stephen had been preaching a rousing sermon, and the people could not stand it. They resolved to do as men sometimes would like to do in this day, if they dared, with some plain preacher of righteousness—kill him. The only way to silence this man was to knock the breath out of him. So they rushed Stephen out of the gates of the city, and with curse, and with whoop, and blow they brought him to the cliff, as was the custom when they wanted to take away life by stoning. Having brought him to the edge of the cliff they pushed him over. After he had fallen they came and looked down, and seeing that he was not yet dead, they began to drop stones upon him, stone after stone. Amid this horrible rain of missiles, Stephen clammers up on his knees and folds his hands, while the blood drips from his temples to his cheeks, from his cheeks to his garments, from his garments to the ground; and then, looking up, he makes two prayers—one for himself and one for his murderers.

"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" that was for himself. "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge," that was for his assailants. Then, from pain and loss of blood, he swooned away and fell asleep.

I want to show you to-day five pictures. Stephen gazing into Heaven. Stephen looking at Christ. Stephen stoned. Stephen in his dying prayer. Stephen asleep.

First, look at Stephen gazing into Heaven. Before you take a leap you want to know where you are going to land. Before you climb a ladder you want to know to what point the ladder reaches. And it was right that Stephen, within a few moments of Heaven, should be gazing into it. We would all do well to be found in the same posture. There is enough in Heaven to keep us gazing. A man of large wealth may have statues in the hall, and paintings in the sitting room, and works of art in all parts of the house, but he has no pictures in the art gallery, and there hour after hour you walk with catalogue and glass and ever-increasing admiration. Well Heaven is the gallery where God has gathered the chief treasures of His realm. The whole universe is His palace. In this lower room where we stop there are many adornments; tessellated floor of amethyst, and on the winding cloud-stairs are stretched out canvases on which commingle azure, and purple, and saffron, and gold. But Heaven is the gallery in which the chief glories are gathered. There are the brightest robes. There are the richest crowns. John says of it: "The kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it." And I see the procession forming, and in the line come all empires, and the stars spring up into an arch for the hosts to march under. The hosts keep step to the sound of earthquake and the pitch of avalanche from the mountains, and the flag they bear is the flame of a consuming world, and all Heaven turns out with harps and trumpets and myriad-voiced acclamation of angelic dominion to welcome them in, and so the kings of the earth bring their honor and glory into it. Do you wonder that good people often stand, like Stephen, looking into Heaven? We have many friends there.

There is not a man in this house to-day so isolated in life but there is some one in Heaven with whom he is once again in hands. As a man gets older, the number of his celestial acquaintances very rapidly multiplies. We have not had one glimpse of them since the night we kissed them good-by, and they went away; but still we stand gazing at Heaven. As when some of our friends go across the sea, we stand on the dock, or on the station, and watch them, and as they go away the bulk of the vessel disappears, and then there is only a patch of sail on the sky, and soon that is gone, and they are all out of sight, and yet we stand looking in the same direction; so when our friends go away from us into the future world we keep looking down through the yawning, and gazing and gazing, as though we expected that they would come out and stand on some cloud, and give us one glimpse of their blissful and transfigured faces.

While you long to join their companionship, and the years and the days go with such tedium that they break your heart, and the viper of pain and sorrow and bereavement keeps gnawing at our vitals, you stand still, like Stephen gazing into Heaven. You wonder if they would recognize your face now, so changed has it been with trouble. You wonder if, amid the myriad delights they have, they care as much for you as they used to when they gave you a helping hand and put their shoulder under your burdens. You wonder if they look any older; and sometimes in the evening, when the house is all quiet, you wonder if you should call them by their first name if they would not answer; and perhaps sometimes you do make the experiment, and when no one but yourself and God are there you distinctly call their names and listen, and sit gazing into Heaven.

Pass on now, and see Stephen looking upon Christ. My text says he saw the Son of Man at the right hand of God. Just how Christ looked in this world, just how He looks in Heaven, we can not say. A writer in the time of Christ says, describing the Saviour's personal appearance, that he had blue eyes and light complexion, and a very graceful structure; but I suppose it was all guesswork. The painters of the different ages have tried to imagine the features of Christ and put them up on canvas; but we will have to wait until with our own eyes we see Him and with our own ears we can hear Him. And yet there is a way of seeing and hearing Him now. I have to tell you that unless you see and hear Christ on earth you will never see and hear Him in Heaven. Look! There He is. Behold the Lamb of God. Can you not see Him? Then pray to God to take the scales off your eyes. Look that way—try to look that way. His voice comes down to you this day—comes down to the blindest,

to the deafest soul, saying: "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else." Proclamation of universal emancipation for all slaves. Proclamation of universal amnesty for all rebels. Belshazzar gathered the Babylonish nobles to his table; George I. entertained the lords of England at a banquet; Napoleon III. welcomed the czar of Russia and the sultan of Turkey to his feast; the emperor of Germany was glad to have our minister, George Hanerott, sit down with him at his table; but tell me, ye who know most of the world's history, what other king ever asked the abandoned and the forsaken and the wretched and the outcast to come and sit beside him?

Oh, wonderful invitation! You can take it to-day, and stand at the head of the darkest alley in any city, and say: "Come! Cloths for your ragged, salve for your sores, a throne for your eternal reigning." A Christ that talks like that, and acts like that, and pardons like that—do you wonder that Stephen stood looking at Him?

I hope to spend eternally doing the same thing. I must see Him; I must look upon that face once clouded with sin, but now radiant with my pardon. I want to touch that hand that knocked off my shackles. I want to hear that voice which pronounced my deliverance. Behold Him, little child, if you live to three score years and ten, you will see none so fair. Behold Him, ye aged ones, for He only can shine through the failing dimness of your failing eyesight. Behold Him, earth. Behold Him, Heaven. What a moment when all nations of the saved shall gather around Christ! All faces like that of the Christ that way, gazing on Jesus.

His worth if all the nations knew. Sure the whole earth would love Him, too. I pass on and look at Stephen stoned. The world has always wanted to get rid of good men. Their very life is an assault upon wickedness. Out with Stephen through the city gates, and down with him out the precipices. Let every man come up and drop a stone upon his head. But these men did not so much kill Stephen as they killed themselves. Every stone rebounded upon them. While these murderers were transfixed by the scorn of all good men, Stephen lives in the admiration of all Christendom. Stephen, stoned, but Stephen alive. So all good men must be stoned. All who will live Godly in Christ Jesus, must suffer persecution. It is no eulogy of a man to say that everybody likes him. Show me any one who is doing all his duty to state or church and I will show you men who utterly abhor him.

If all men speak well of you it is because you are either a laggard or a dolt. If a steamer makes rapid progress through the waves the water will boil and foam all around it. Brave soldiers of Jesus Christ will hear the carbines click. When I see a man with voice, and money, and influence all on the right side, and some caricature him and some sneer at him and some denounce him, and men who pretend to be actuated by right motives conspire to cripple him, cast him out, to destroy him, I say: "Stephen stoned."

When I see a man in some great moral or religious reform battling against gross shop, exposing wickedness in high places, by active means trying to purify the church and better the world's estate, and I find that some of the newspapers anathematize him, and men, even good men, oppose him and denounce him, because, though he does good, he does not do it in their way, I say: "Stephen stoned." The world, with infinite spite, took after John Frederick Oberlin, and Paul, and they spat upon him, and yet to-day, in all lands, he is justified to be the great father of Methodism. Booth's bullet vacated the presidential chair; but from that spot of congealed blood on the floor in the box of Ford's theater there sprang up the life of a nation. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive. Pass on now and see Stephen in his dying prayer. His first thought was not how the stones hurt his head, nor what would become of his body. His first thought was about his spirit, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." The murderer standing on the trap door, the black cap being drawn over his head before the execution, may grimace about the future, but you and I have no time for such trifling. Our anxiety about where we are going to come out. You are not all body. There is within you a soul. I see it gleam from your eyes, and I see it irradiating your countenance. Sometimes I am abashed before an audience, not because I come under their physical eyesight, but because I realize the truth that I stand before a more immortal spirit. The probability is that your body will at last find a sepulcher in some of the cemeteries that surround your town or city. There is no doubt but that your obsequies will be decent and respectful, and you will be able to pillow your head under the maple, or the Norway spruce, or the yypress, or the blossoming fir, but this spirit about which Stephen prayed, will it decide what will take? What guide will escort it? What cloud will be cleft for its pathway? After it has got beyond the light of our sun, will there be torches lighted for it the rest of the way? Will the soul have to travel through long deserts before it reaches the good land? If we should lose our pathway, will there be a castle at whose gate we may ask the way to the city? Oh, these mysterious spirit within us! It has two wings, but it is in a cage now. It is locked fast to keep it; but let the door of this cage open the least, and that soul is off. Eagle's wing could not catch it. The lightning is not swift enough to take up with it. When the soul leaves the body it takes 50 worlds at a bound. And have I no anxiety about it? Have you no anxiety about it?

I do not care what you do with my body when my soul is gone, or whether you believe in cremation or inhumation, or if I shall sleep in a coffin, or in a shroud, or in a satin lined

Resolutions of Respect.

Inasmuch as Almighty God, in His Wise Providence has seen fit to remove from our midst our beloved brother, and fellow worker, Joseph Bryant, be it resolved:—

1st. That we express our deep sorrow in that the M. E. church South of Bryantsville, has lost a worthy member, the Sunday school an efficient Secretary, and his family a loving husband and kind father.

2nd. That while we grieve over our loss, and do so greatly miss his goodly presence among us, we bow in submission to the will of our Heavenly Father, knowing that He doeth all things well.

3rd. That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family in this dark hour of affliction, and pray that the God of all comfort will grant unto them His sustaining grace, enabling them, by faith, to look forward to the gladness of that meeting in the world where separations come not, and sorrow and tears are not known.

Minnie C. Dunn, J. H. Burk, R. K. Swope, Committee.

Wall Paper.

I have secured the agency for a leading manufacturer and have samples of an elegant line of Wall Paper, and will be glad to order any amount papers may desire. Call at my residence and get prices.

Mrs F. L. Austin.

with eagles down. But my soul—before this day passes, I will find out what it will land. Thank God for the animation of my text, that when we see Jesus takes us. That answers all questions for me. What though there were massive bars between here and the city of light, Jesus could remove them. What though there were great Saharas of darkness, Jesus could illumine them. What though I get weary on the way, Christ could lift me on His omnipotent shoulder. What though there were clouds to cross, His hand could transport me. Then let Stephen's prayer be my dying litaney: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." It may be that in that hour we will be too feeble to say a long prayer. It may be in that hour we will not be able to say the "Lord's Prayer," for it has seven petitions. But Jesus may be too feeble to say the infant prayer our mothers taught us, which John Quincy Adams, 70 years of age, said every night when he put his head upon his pillow:

Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

We may be too feeble to employ either of these familiar forms; but this prayer of Stephen is, in my opinion, as earnest, is so comprehensive, we surely will be able to say that: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Oh, if that prayer is answered, how sweet it will be to die! This world is clever enough to us. Perhaps it has treated us a great deal better than we deserve to be treated; but if on the dying pillow there should break the light of that better world, we shall have no more regret about leaving a small, dark, damp house for one large, beautiful, capacious. That dying minister in Philadelphia, some years ago, beautifully depicted it, when in his last moment he threw up his hands and cried out: "I move into the light!"

Pass on now and I will show you one more picture, and that is Stephen asleep. With a pathos and simplicity peculiar to the Scriptures, the text says of Stephen: "He fell asleep."

"Oh," you say, "what a place that was to sleep! A hard rock under him, the blood streaming, the mob howling. What a place! It was to sleep!" And Stephen took the symbol of slumber to describe his departure. So sweet was it, so contented was it, so peaceful was life. Stephen had lived a very laborious life; his chief work had been to care for the poor. How many thousands of bread he distributed, how many bare feet he has sandaled, how many cots of sickness and distress he blessed with the word of blessing and love. I do not know, but from the way he lived, and the way he preached, and the way he died, I know he was a laborious Christian. But that is all over now. He has pressed the cup to the last fainting lip. He has taken the last insult from his enemies. The last stone to whose crushing weight he never could rise, has been hurled. Stephen is dead! The disciples come. They take him up. They wash away the blood from the wounds. They straighten out the bruised limbs. They brush back the tangled hair from the brow, and then they pass around to look upon the calm countenance of him who had lived for the poor and died for the truth. Stephen asleep!

I have seen the sea driven by the hurricane until the tangled foam caught in the rigging, and wave rising above wave seemed as if about to storm the heavens, and then I have seen the tempest drop, and the waves crouch, and everything become smooth and untroubled as though a camping place for the glories of Heaven. So I have seen the life of Stephen, as he has been driven, coming down at last to an infinite calm, in which there was the hush of Heaven's lullaby.

Stephen asleep! I saw such a one. He fought all his days against poverty and against abuse. They traduced his name. They rattled at the door knob while he was dying, with duns for debts he could not pay; yet the peace of God brooded over his pillow, and while the world dawned, Heaven dawned, and the deepening twilight of earth's night was only the opening twilight of Heaven's morn. Not a sigh, Not a tear. Not a struggle. Hush! Stephen asleep!

I have not had the faculty to tell the blessing of the sun whether there will be a drought or not. I can not tell by the blowing of the wind whether it will be fair weather or foul on the morrow. But I can prophesy, and I will prophesy what weather it will be when you, the Christian, come to die. You may have it very rough now. It may be the next one a nightmare, the next another bereavement, the next year has passed you may have to beg for bread, or ask for a scuttile of coal or a pair of shoes; but at last the Christ will come in and darkness will go out. All though there may be no hand to close your eyes and no breast on which to rest your dying head, and no candle to lift the night, the odors of God's hanging garden will regale your soul, and at your bedside will halt the chariots of the King. No more tears to pay, no more agony because flour has gone up, no more struggle with the world, the flesh and the devil, but a long, deep, everlasting peace. Stephen asleep!

FAM FOR SALE.

I will offer for sale in front of the Court House door in Lancaster, Ky.,

MONDAY, MARCH 23, 1898.

my farm on Dixie River, about 1 1/2 miles from Joel Walker bridge. Will sell 20 acres with privilege of adding 30 more if I so desire. Said land lies in one boundary, well fenced and plenty of water. Easy Terms.

Jan. 28, '98. JERRY P. BLAND.

PUBLIC SALE.

As administrator of J. G. Aldridge, I will offer for sale at his late residence near Marksbury, Ky., on

THURSDAY, MARCH 31st, 1898.

the following articles to-wit:

One brown gelding, 16 hands high, 9 years old, 1 extra good bay mare, 4 years old, 1 brood mare, 2 good milk cows, 2 calves, 1 sow and 5 shoats, 1 cider mill, 1 buggy, 1 two horse wagon, 1 harrow and other farming implements, household and kitchen furniture, 1 wrought iron range in good condition with reservoir.

Other articles too numerous to mention. Some corn, wheat, meat, etc. Will rent the farm on day of sale to the highest bidder if not sold before. The farm contains 43 acres, 7 acres in wheat, 2 in clover, 8 to go in corn, 2 for oats, and the remainder in pasture, well watered.

Good dwelling house and tobacco barn and all necessary out buildings.

The sale will begin at 9 o'clock. All sums under \$10, cash. Over that amount on 6 months time with good note at 6 per cent interest.

H. D. ALDRIDGE, Administrator.

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Southern Mutual Investment Co.,

OF LEXINGTON, KY.

OUR PLAN.

Our plan is a new application of an old principle, and is based upon the actual experience of successful life insurance companies, covering a period of over 200 years. The same principles govern both, only—

WE pay while you LIVE.

THEY pay when you DIE.

WE offer the INVESTMENT features.

THEY protect in case of DEATH.

With them, death is the moving factor, causing the payment of the policy; with us, a definite and fixed mathematical rule, in lieu of death, matures the policy.

INSURANCE IS A LAW OF AVERAGE.

They figure on so many men out of a thousand dying—we figure on so many policies. They kill the man—we kill the policy.

There is no reason why a man should die to reap the benefit of his investment.

We return an average of \$2.30 for every dollar paid us, and yet we assume an obligation less than one-third as great as has been assumed and paid for years by the leading life insurance companies of America.

OUR MISSION.

Only about twenty (20) per cent. of the people are insurable. Only the sound and healthy, who least need it's advantages, can obtain life insurance. Why should there not be a means provided whereby the other eighty (80) per cent. of the population can carry an investment the same as the favored few who can get life insurance? Our mission is to open the door to the entire population to enjoy the same or greater benefits for an equal or less expenditure, considering the advantage to be derived, and that those advantages may be enjoyed during life by the one making the investment.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS.

That our plan is popular and based upon sound business principles, is evidenced by our large and increasing membership, as shown by our remarkable 'Exhibit of Growth.' See literature.

We court the closest scrutiny and most thorough investigation. No statement made that cannot be verified by actual results.

Others Make Money. Why Not You?

The endorsement given this Company by the investment of bankers, lawyers, merchants, ministers, doctors, railroad men, mechanics—in fact, men of business sagacity in every vocation of life—is an evidence of the soundness of our system.

ACTUAL